

[Bud Brown]

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Rangelore

Tarrant Co., Dist. #7

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FEC [12?]

Bud Brown, 77, living at 200 Emma St., Fort Worth, Tex., was born in Stoddard co., mo., in 1861. [His?] father, E. B. Brown, came to Fort Worth with his family in 1877, where he entered the saloon business. Bud attended the first public school established in Fort Worth. He watched the cowboy, ranchman and buffalo hunters transacting business, also, entertaining themselves in the various places of amusement, then provided in the town, during the early days. When he reached manhood's estate, he entered the saloon business. He operated a saloon in Colorado City when the town was solely a cowtown. He attended the cattleman's convention held in that town in 1886. His story of early range life follows:

"I was born in Stoddard co., Mo. in Feb. 1861. My parents came to Fort Worth, Tex. in 1877, which was about one year after the T. & P. railroad built into the town.

"When we arrived in Fort Worth, the town was clustered around the courthouse square. The principal business houses were on Weatherford St., and extended south for about a block on Main, Houston and Rusk (now Commerce) Sts. The residential section extended

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east and west from the business section. The business houses were almost entirely one and two-story frame structures.

“At the time my parents arrived in the town, there was one public school. It was located at Weatherford and Elm Streets. The J. Hunter home is now located on the old site. The school building was known as the Callaway Building. The principal was Alex Hogg. Susie Hoffman, sister of Walter Hoffman, was the teacher, and I attended this school.

“We secured our supply of water from the Trinity River. The water was hauled to the school in barrels. During warm weather, we pupils suffered thirst rather than drink the putrid water. We [waited?] [until?] [school?] [was?] [out?] [and?] [could?] [go?] [home?].
C12 - 2/11/41 [?] 2 Ice was a scarce article those days, and during the summer months the only cool water we could get, before wells were sunk, was from springs. around the vicinity of the courthouse were several wells which had been dug by U.S. soldiers at the time the Fort was located here.

“Fort Worths at the time of my school days, was surrounded with cowcamps. There were some farms scattered in the vicinity, which were fenced, but the longhorn was king. For instance, north of Fort Worth, after passing J. A. Putnam's place, which was fenced, but was an open range country that extended practically to Denver, Colo.

“Among the prominent cowcamps north of Fort Worth were those of Charles Goodnight, John Goodnight, Jim Reed, [Bob?] Ellison, Dan Waggoner, E. B. Harrold, Burk Burnett and Col. Joe Goodwin.

“Dan Waggoner controlled, and I guess owned, the major part of 50 square miles of land in the vicinity of Decatur, Tex.

“In the territory west of town, after a few miles out, was practically one cowcamp after another. It was the same north of town. The men on the streets were almost entirely cowmen, dressed in their range outfits. The high-heel boots, spurs, ten-gallon hat and

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a six-shooter hung at their side. In addition, there was the buffalo hunters. The hunters brought hides into town and stacked them where the Brown building is now located. They bought their hunting supplies here and departed to the West, where the slaughter was taking place. The buffalo hunter's trade was a big factor in giving A. J. Anderson his start in the gun store business. His trade from the buffalo hunters amounted to around \$50,000.00 a year, during the period buffalo hunting lasted. 3 "Forth Worth was supported by the money coming in from the buffalo hunters and the cowman.

"My father, after his arrival here, considered the nature of business to enter for a livelihood. He chose the saloon business because it was one of the leading lines and doing the greatest business of all other lines, during that period. He established a saloon at Third & Main Sts. and named it the "Ruby Bar".

"I recall the soda-water man of those days, because soda-water was my drink. John [Beherns?] was the man from whom father bought his soda-water supply. [Beherns?] was the first soda-water manufacture in the town.

"I shall mention some of the first men in various lines of business in Fort Worth. For instance, Dahlman operated the first meat processing establishment. If my memory is correct, the plant started as a beef packing institution, but finally changed to processing work exclusively. The establishment was located between E. Ninth and Eleventh Sts. at the edge of the [sheer?] bluff bordering the Trinity River bottom.

"Dahlman was also one of our leading drygoods merchants. Another leading merchant was B. C. Evans, whose place of business was located at First & Houston Sts. His store occupied the ground floor, and the noted Evans Hall of those days was on the second floor. The classy saloon of the town was operated by our Mayor, G.H. Day, but the notorious place of business was the Waco Tap, a honkytonk operated by Pony Bell and Dutch Rose. The place was a combination saloon, gambling house and queen parlor. The place occupied two stories. The ground floor was devoted to the bar, which was about 60

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feet 4 long, a dance floor, and in each of the four corners of the ground floor was some gambling game. The second floor was divided into about 20 rooms, which were occupied by the women who worked in the place.

“The queens were employed to entertain the men. The girls danced and drank, which was a part of their work. The queens received a percentage of all drinks served to them and their partners. The girls were adopt in luring the men into dancing and buying drinks. The ladies would always call for the most expensive drinks, but the bartender would mix the girl's drinks very light so that they could drink and remain sober.

“The Waco Tap was not the only place of its kind. There were the White Elephant, Occidental, First and Last Chance and others, which furnished entertainment to the visitors.

“Our leading newspaper was the Fort Worth Democrat, published by Capt. B.B. Paddock. Chas. [Hoazle?] published the Evening [Mail?]. Each of these men were live wires. B.B. Paddock was the most prominent civic leader of the town. He was constantly boosting for the town and predicting for it a great future. “The Gateway of the West” was his slogan. Peter Smith was Paddock's partner. Paddock created in the interest in the various movements, and Smith was the man who followed up in getting the citizens to put up the money to carry the projects through to success. Smith had the ability to make the boys shell out the coin. 5 “Our main place for public gatherings was Cold Spring, located at the junction of Cold Spring Road and the old Birdville Road, about two miles northeast of the courthouse. At the spring there was a pavilion, a saloon, a shady grove and a race track. The shade trees shaded about an acre and a half of land. The saloon was named the “First and Last Chance”. It was the first chance to buy a drink coming into town from the east, and the last chance leaving the town going that way. The race track was located west of the Trinity River which flowed past the spring, and occupied the land commencing at the river and extending almost to the bluff south and west of the river bottoms.

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"When I was about 18 years old, I went to work with my father tending bar in his saloon, and learned the saloon business. I went to Colorado City in 1881 and tended bar for a time. Later, I established a saloon of my own.

"Colorado City was the leading cowtown of that territory at the time. It was a typical frontier cowtown and the town's sole support came from cattlemen. Also, I may add, that the town was well supported.

"The leading ranchmen of the Colorado territory, at the time I operated a saloon there, were Winfield Scott, C.C. Slaughter, Andy [Merchant?], Clay Mann, and one or two others which have passed out of my mind at this moment.

"There was an abundance of money. It was not unusual to see a man reach in his pocket and pull out a pouch containing several hundred dollars in \$20.00 gold coins. 6 "Gambling was one of the diversions, and all the popular games were operated to accommodate the cowhands. To present an [idea?] of the extent the boys played, I shall tell about a game Clay Mann was engaged in.

"Bob Winders was one of the [monte?] dealers, and an excellent [?], of those days. Clay Mann came in one day and looked over the stack of \$20. gold [conins?] stacked on the table. The coins covered [?] space about one foot square and were stacked about six inches high. Bob was running the cards and had turned up a jack. Clay Mann said:

"'Bob, I want to bet a mule's tail and some coin on that jack.'

"'Alright, Clay', Bob said, 'lay out what it takes to talk.'

"Clay reached in his shirt bosom and pulled out two sacks of money, which he emptied in his ten-gallon hat, so the money could be easier reached. The hat's crown was almost full of gold coins.

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"The time was about 1 P.M. when Clay and Bob began to play monte and Clay played steadily till 12 o'clock without stopping to [?]. Several times he went out for sandwiches and munched while playing. He would occasionally send for a drink from the bar.

"At one time Clay was close to \$10,000.00 winner and at another time he was about the same amount loser. However, when Clay quit he [?] \$100.00 winner.

"Games such as Clay played were not unusual those days, and losses and winnings often ran into the thousands.

"I prevented Clay from being killed or killing a man, and [?] relate the incident to illustrate a frequent occurrence. Those days, shooting affrays were not an exciting event. But, we prevented killings if it was not too much trouble, especially if a friend was involved.

"A fellow named Geo. Gadden and Clay Mann had a dispute and there existed bad feeling between the two men. I noticed Gladden standing behind the front door, one afternoon, seemingly intend watching for something. I asked Gladden what he was waiting [?] and he replied "a friend of mine". I knew from the tone of his voice that the remark was [sarcasm?]. I looked out of the door and saw Clay Mann coming. It then occurred to me that Clay was the object of Gladden's watch.

"I stepped outside and told Clay to come in at the back. He accepted my advice and came in through the back door.

"When Clay came into view at the back door, he saw Gladden and Gladden saw Clay at the same moment. Each man reached for their guns. Dick Wise, city marshal at the time, came in the saloon at the same instant the men were reaching for their guns. He stepped quickly in front of Gladden, and with a drawn gun ordered Gladden to march ahead of him out of the saloon.

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"About this time the T. & P. railroad had built to and expanded beyond Colorado City, and I made a trip to Fort Worth to visit my father.

"When I arrived at home, I found father so busy he had not time to do much more than [any?] 'hello, I'll see you later'. Father, and many others, were busily engaged in thwarting three U.S. marshals and six rangers in their attempt to take Jim Courtright, a former city marshal and well known citizen, out of the State of Texas, and to the Territory of N. Mex., to be tried on a charge of murder.

"Jim had been employed as a mine guard in the Territory, and 8 several men had been killed during some trouble which happened [?] the mine. Courtright returned to Fort Worth after the trouble took place, and was in business here operating a detective agency.

"The officials from N Mex. came here with a warrant and, instead of requesting the local sheriff to act in conjunction with them, they proceeded to handle the matter alone. I suppose, to [?] time or to avoid extradition proceedings. The officers lured Courtright to the Continental Hotel, under [pretence?] of employing him. At the hotel, he met two more men and the three disarmed him and held him under arrest. They refused him a chance to communicate with his friends. The officers intended to depart on the 6:30 P.M. [?] & P. westbound train with their prisoner before anyone would know what had happened to Courtright.

"The employees of Courtright, at his office, became alarmed when he failed to return or send word where to find him. Chas. [?], who published the Evening Mail newspaper, heard of the accident and spread the alarm through the town, and suggested that the citizens do something about the matter. He said, "we can't [?] foreign officers to come into Fort Worth and carry off one of our citizens without due process of law'. Therefore, the citizens went into action.

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"When the officers, with their prisoner, arrived at the depot, they found it crowded and surrounded with people. District Judge [?] was among those present, and an application for a writ was presented to him. He accepted the application and issued an order that the prisoner be delivered into the custody of the sheriff of [Tarrant?] co., pending a hearing on the merits. 9 "The order of Judge Head thwarted the N. Mex. officials' intentions, but they put up a fight for the prisoner at the hearing and won.

"The officers notified their Territory officials of the state of affairs. A request made of the Governor of Texas for protection of the three marshals while in Fort Worth. Six Texas rangers were assigned to render the necessary protection.

"During the time the legal question was being decided, friends of Courtright were busy arranging for the next move.

"The N. Mex. authorities made arrangements to leave, with their prisoner, on the 6:30 P.M. train, and engaged supper at Merchant's restaurant, which was operated by Lawson and [Hirley?], to be served at [:45?] P.M.

"When the officers called at the restaurant for their meal, they were seated at one table, with Courtright sitting at the end and the officers and rangers sitting at the two sides of the table. Soon as the officers arrived at the restaurant, it began to fill with people, and soon every inch of room was occupied.

"The meal was served and the men were eating when the clock started its strike of 6 o'clock. With the first sound of the clock's striking, Courtright reached under the table and jumped to his feet at the same instant. He held a 45 caliber six-shooter [?] each had, and covered the officers and rangers. At the same instant, the officers jumped to their feet, simultaneously the officers and rangers had each of their arms locked behind their back, [?] two men. One man for each arm had taken their stand waiting for the move. 10 "Each of the men holding the officials continued to speak pleadingly to their captives,

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saying, 'don't shoot, because with this crowd present some innocent person might get shot'. During this period Courtright walked out through the back door. In the alley was a speedy horse, which Courtright mounted and rode to a friend's house.

"The next day, Courtright was placed in a wooden box and shipped to Galveston by express.

"My father helped A.J. Anderson place the two guns at the end of the table where Courtright was seated, and helped Hoezle pick the 18 men who locked the officers' arms, and the other arrangements necessary to enable Courtright to make his escape.

"Now, let us return to Colorado City, where I was in business at that time.

"The cattlemen with ranches in the Colorado City district were [beset?] with range trouble. There was the rustler trouble, as well as the disputes over range rights and branding of Mavericks. Therefore, the ranchers decided to organize and adopt ways and means to eliminate the troubles.

"A convention was held in Colorado City in 1886. The meeting was attended by all the leading ranchers of the district, and many came from distant places. After the cattlemen began to organize, matters of dispute began to disappear to a great extent. I attended the meeting and listened to some of the proceedings, as a spectator, but could not spend much time at the meeting. The town was filled with delegates and visitors; therefore, my place of business required my attention. 11 "To say that the town was busy waiting on the trade, is stating the situation [mildly?]. There existed a scramble on the part of the visitors to get waited on. My bar was crowded from the hour of opening, till we closed in the wee hours of the morning. Rancher after rancher would come in and call every person in the bar up to 'name their [pizen?]''. When a rancher gave such order, each bartender would report to me the total charge for the drinks he served. I then would total the bill for the treater, who would place the money, usually in gold coins on the bar. The amounts were from \$5.00 to \$15.00, and many times more, especially if champagne had been served.

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Such treats as I have described were not just an occasional happening, but frequent during the convention.

“About this time, Winfield Scott sold his cattle interest in the Colorado City district. Scott came to Fort Worth and invested his money in real estate. Chas. Dickinson, who was one of the firm of [Ligon?] & Dickinson, was Winfield Scott's agent. It was not long after Scott began to buy Fort Worth real estate until the value of property almost doubled.

“Winfield Scott built the Metropolitan Hotel (now Milner). At the time his hotel was built, its location was in the county, comparatively speaking. Folks remarked about 'Scott building such a magnificent hotel away out on Ninth & Main Sts.' Time proved that Scott knew what he was doing.

“Winfield Scott was not the only man, and rancher, who saw the future of Fort Worth, as B.B. Paddock predicted in his newspaper. Monuments evidencing the belief in Fort Worth's future stand today in the form of many magnificent business structures built by Scott, the Waggoners and the Burnetts.